Where didſt thou ſee her? O vnhappy girle!
With the Moore ſaiſt thou? who would be a father?
How didſt thou know twas ſhe? (O ſhe deceiues me
Paſt thought,) what ſaid ſhe to you? get more tapers.
Raiſe all my kindred, are they married thinke you?
Rod. Truely I thinke they are.
Bra. O heauen, how got ſhe out? O treaſon of the blood;
Fathers from hence, truſt not your daughters mindes,
By what you ſee them act: is there not charmes,
By which the property of youth and manhood
May be abus'd? haue you not read *Roderigo*,
Of ſome ſuch thing.
Rod. Yes ſir, I haue indeed.
Bra. Call vp my Brother: O would you had had her,
Some one way, ſome another; doe you know
Where we may apprehend her, and the Moore?
Rod. I thinke I can diſcouer him, if you pleaſe
To get good guard, and goe along with mee.
Bra. Pray you lead on, at euery houſe Ile call,
I may command at moſt: get weapons ho,
And raiſe ſome ſpeciall Officers of might:
On good *Roderigo*, Ile deſerue your paynes. *Exeunt.*

Enter Othello, Iago, *and Attendants with Torches.*

Iag. Tho in the trade of warre, I haue ſlaine men,
Yet doe I hold it very ſtuffe o'th conſcience,
To doe no contriu'd murther; I lacke iniquity
Sometimes to doe me ſeruice, nine or ten times,
I had thought to haue jerk'd him here,
Vnder the ribbes.
Oth. 'Tis better as it is.
Iag. Nay, but he prated,
And ſpoke ſuch ſcuruy and prouoking tearmes
Againſt your Honor, that with the little godlineſſe I haue,
I did full hard forbeare him: but I pray ſir,
Are you fall married? For be ſure of this,
That the Magnifico is much beloued,
And hath in his effect, a voyce potentiall,